

The Critic

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Literature

Crawford's "Khaled" *

MR. MARION CRAWFORD possesses one of those international minds which can feel sympathetically the joys and sorrows of any nation, be it what it will: a sort of adjustable *peau de chagrin* which fits to a T, without ever shrinking—like Balzac's—to an O. His early genius awoke to an Indian theme, and thrilled to the singular experiences of 'Mr. Isaacs' in the land of the Ganges. Then 'Dr. Claudius' or 'A Roman Singer' interwove German and Italian landscapes in subtle and striking forms and evoked sympathetic pictures of the loves and lives of artists and 'scientists.' Next 'Zoroaster' reproduced Belshazzar's Feast and the dazzling Oriental perspectives of Persia, tingling with that imaginative vitality which thorough study and complete absorption in one's theme alone can communicate. 'Greifenstein' was a lovely and lordly tale of romantic German castle life in the green glades and shadowy hills of the Black Forest. 'With the Immortals' took us to Italy and—heaven, and depicted with all manner of ingenuity certain transcendental phases and features of an imaginary existence. The 'Lonely Parish' was situated in an angle of moist England, where curious and charming things went on *d l'Anglaise*. 'Marzio's Crucifix,' 'Sant Ilario' and 'Paul Patoff' suggested other and novel sides of character with a cleverness which showed the flexible and adaptable nature of the 'magic skin' in which Mr. Crawford's genius is inclosed.

Finally, 'Khaled' adds a new link to this chain of nationalities, and carves as it were on a cherrystone a careful and minute mimicry of Arabian hyperbole and poetic prose in the story of one of the genii who "steps down from immortality and winds himself in the coil of mortality for the sake of the love of an Eastern empress. The tale is the obverse of that class of tales of which Hans Andersen's 'Little Mermaid' is the reverse. In the latter a wonderful creature of the sex gains a soul by loving one of the children of men; in the former a genie gains a soul by being beloved by one of the daughters of men. In 'Khaled' we have the tale of an Arabian morning rather than of an 'Arabian Night'—one of those intensely brilliant mornings sad in its very sunshine and destitute of the sheeny coolness and limpid calm of the Eastern night. Across it before long roll great storm-clouds with their wheels of fire and chariots of strife. The pages reverberate with battle; Zehowah will not love Khaled, and there is doubt whether his yearning for a soul will ever be gratified; Zehowah, the sultana of his dreams and also of his possession, seems for many a chapter as destitute of a soul as her genie-lover. Fire, however, ultimately leaps out of the flint, and the concluding pages grow rich in the hyperbole of love. The tale is far from being a pleasant one, though it translates the cuneiform of Arabian metaphor into charming English. There is always the scent of rose-water and 'Turkish delight' about these Mo-

hammedan tales, which renders them unnatural to the Western eye. Western perfumes are different; and so are Western olfactories.

The Story of a Lost Tribe *

A SINGULAR and somewhat romantic origin is ascribed to the very interesting memoir on the now extinct tribe of 'Karankawa Indians' which appears in the series of 'Archaeological and Ethnological Papers of the Peabody Museum.' The principal author is Mr. Albert S. Gatschet, of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, well known for his important works on the Indian tribes and languages of North America. The materials have been chiefly derived from the recollections of an intelligent and well-educated lady of Massachusetts, the late Mrs. Alice W. Oliver, who—as the preface by Prof. F. W. Putnam informs us—was induced by a friend, Mr. Charles A. Hammond, to communicate to him and afterwards to Mr. Gatschet the information which she had acquired concerning these Indians in her girlhood. A brief biography of Mrs. Oliver by Mr. Hammond, with some well-written notes on the Indians by the same writer and by Mrs. Oliver herself, are prefixed to the more elaborate and scientific monograph of Mr. Gatschet, in which he records all that can now be gathered of the history, character, customs and language of this unfortunate people.

From this summary it appears that the Karankawa (or Carrancahua) Indians had possessed from time immemorial almost the entire coast of Texas, from Galveston to the Colorado River. They did not cultivate the ground, but gained an easy and ample subsistence from the fish, game, and wild fruits always abundant in that genial region,—varied, according to report, by an occasional cannibal feast, by which they acquired, according to their notions, the mental vigor of their slain enemies. They were specially notable for their manliness of appearance and character. The men are described as 'very tall, magnificently formed, strongly built, and approaching perfection in their bodily proportions.' They average in height about five feet and ten inches, thus surpassing all known races except the stately Samoans of the western Pacific; for even the far-famed 'giants' of Patagonia averaged only five feet and nine inches. They had, for Indians, light complexions, with good features, long hair descending to the waist, and long and slender hands and feet. Their movements were 'free, lithe, and graceful.' Their deportment towards strangers was 'dignified and reserved.' They were a high-spirited people, independent, free-spoken, resolute, and brave to desperation. Their early French visitors found them friendly, when not molested. By the Spanish and Anglo-American settlers they were considered ferocious and cruel. But Mr. Gatschet is of opinion that their ferocity was merely the natural resentment and rage of brave warriors who had been despoiled of their lands and means of living without even the pretense of payment.

When they were kindly treated, they could show themselves grateful, as strikingly appears in an incident related by Mrs. Oliver. Her father, Capt. Thomas Bridges, a successful shipmaster of Beverly, Mass., settled at Matagorda Bay in 1838, when his only daughter was about ten years old. She 'took a great interest' in the Indians, acquired their language, and became a favorite with them. She fell seriously ill during a hot summer, when a severe drought prevailed, and the brackish water of her abode became unfit for a sick person. One day a band of Indians, who had been encamped near at hand, disappeared. About midnight some of the men returned, headed by their chief, bearing with them a large jug of pure water which they had brought from a distance for their suffering little friend.

By a singular fate it has happened that to this girl friend, whose life was thus perhaps preserved by them, are due the only memorials which the world possesses of the genuine character, the customs, and the peculiar language of this

* Khaled: A Tale of Arabia. By F. Marion Crawford. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.

* The Karankawa Indians. By Albert S. Gatschet. Cambridge, Mass.: Peabody Museum.

remarkable tribe, who have now, by the rifles of their civilized successors, been 'improved off the earth.' Reduced by many conflicts with Mexican and Texan settlers, and accused of 'depredations' by those whose invasion had left them landless and homeless, the last wandering survivors in 1858,—according to the official report of a Mexican judge,—were set upon 'in their hiding-place' near the Rio Grande in Texas by a party of exasperated farmers, and then and there, as his honor curtly apprised his superior official, 'were exterminated.' Such was the melancholy end of the handsomest, bravest, and manliest people of the 'American race.'

"Thomas Betterton" *

FROM THE beautiful portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller looks forth a face which Mr. Lowe endows with fresh interest and increased vitality—Betterton, the great actor of the Restoration for which Wycherley and Congreve wrote. The return of the exiled King was the signal for gayeties of all kinds. Uninspired or inert pens became alive again; closed theatres opened and filled with laughing dames and witty cavaliers; exiled travellers came back in troops with all the fascinations of continental dissipation about them; and Pepys filled his diaries with delightful entries about the actors and actresses, the mistresses and masters of the court; the social life of the Stuarts swung through all the gamut of extravagance, and a brilliant license succeeded the Puritanism of the day. Naturally when the Civil War broke out the actors ranged themselves on the side of the King; for they were popularly as well as titularly and technically 'the King's servants.' With him they went into exile, and with him they returned to enliven gloom-ridden England. The Commonwealth period was a mighty drama itself, in which thousands acted, and whose culmination was the beheading of Charles I.: actors of any other sort it needed not.

After 1660, however, the heart of England grew gay again,—'fell a-laughing,' in fact, as old Pepys terms it; new houses were needed, and new houses with lively audiences began to abound. Five o'clock was the fashionable play-hour, and footmen had to be sent to keep the places for their 'dandy' masters. Pepys hankered after the eighteen-penny gallery, and there he was often to be found combining pleasure with economy, spying out over the audience at Lady Castlemaine and Moll Davis in vizard masks or quizzing the beaux and gallants of the period. 'Mrs. Ellen Gwynne' and her fair but frail companions could be seen in all stages of unreadiness in the Restoration green-room, and all sorts of marvellous machines were in vogue for getting actors and actresses off and on the stage. All this Mr. Lowe discusses as minutely as a Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, and amid all this Thomas Betterton (born 1635, died 1710) was to achieve his triumphs. He alone of all the actors of his time stands out spotless in character as well as great in art. Nell Gwynne, the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, Marshall, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Knight, Mountford, Powell, Goodman, Kynaston, all are tainted—some are splashed—with the breath of foulness. No smirch, scandal or stain flecks the admirable name of Betterton. He went into eclipse with Charles and emerged with him at the jocund Restoration. Soon he towered up as a matchless Hamlet whom Cibber cannot praise too much. Pepys grows interjectional over this great impersonation; and Betterton acted Sir Toby Belch equally well, and did not quail before Mercutio. He and his wife acted Macbeth and Lady Macbeth together, and he appeared as Lear, Othello, Henry VIII., and Falstaff—a range and versatility very great, indeed, in that age of Davenantized Shakespeare and diluted tragedy.

Thus he continued acting till 1710, when he was placed in the south end of the east cloister of Westminster Abbey, and inspired Steele with that singularly beautiful *Tatler* in which he records Betterton's funeral.

* Thomas Betterton. By Robert W. Lowe. £1. Longmans, Green & Co.

Browning as a Teacher*

THE WORK of 'interpreting' Browning is perhaps in danger of being overdone. Certain critics appear to be more ambitious to distinguish themselves than to do real service to students of the poet. Their smoky torches do not much illuminate his obscurities, though they may call attention to the commentator who is obscure in another sense. Prof. Jones's book, however, is not of this type, but a markedly valuable addition to the Browning literature. Its purpose is to deal with the poet 'not simply as a poet, but rather as the exponent of a system of ideas on moral and religious subjects, which may fairly be called a philosophy.' Browning himself, especially in his later works, 'has led the way towards such a philosophical interpretation of his work.' In some of these poems 'we might even seem to be receiving a philosophical lesson, in place of a poetic inspiration, if it were not for those powerful imaginative utterances, those winged words, which Browning has always in reserve, to close the ranks of his argument. If the question is always in a prosaic form, the final answer, as in the ancient oracle, is in the poetic language of the gods.' This is apt and keen criticism; it expresses the strength and the weakness of the poet with equal penetration, conciseness, and elegance.

This also is a happy condensation of criticism:—'Shelley turned away from man; Wordsworth paid him rare visits, like those of a being from a strange world, made wise and sad with looking at him from afar; Browning dwelt with him. He was a comrade in the fight, and ever in the van of man's endeavor, bidding him be of good cheer.' He was naturally an optimist, 'lifting morality into optimism, and translating its battle into song'; and to this his 'power of moral inspiration' is mainly due. He ever recognized 'the activity of God within man.' 'So far from regarding the Power in the world which makes for righteousness as "not ourselves," as Matthew Arnold did in his haste, that Power is known to be the man's true self and more, and morality is the gradual process whereby its content is evolved.' The chapter on Browning's 'Treatment of the Principle of Love' is particularly eloquent and luminous. For him love is 'the supreme principle, both of morality and religion'; it is 'the sublimest conception attainable by man'; it is, 'at the same moment, man's moral ideal and the very essence of Godhead.' It is pure even in the impure, tending to 'exorcise the evil and turn old to new,' but 'its greatest potency can reveal itself only in characters intrinsically pure, such as Pompilia and Caponsacchi.'

These are but hints of the rare quality of a book which no lover or student of the poet can afford to do without.

George Meredith †

NOW THAT Browning is no more, there is no living author so obscure of style as George Meredith; hence none the understanding of whom will so prove superiority over one's neighbor. Why, then, are there not clubs to study this incomparable man? To any such, or to any city (for cities, like individuals, have their sense of superiority) contemplating the study of Meredith, we would recommend a little book of a hundred and seventy pages called 'George Meredith,' by an enthusiastic Irish woman, Hannah Lynch. The book is discriminating and just, and there are times when the involvement of the master mind has evidently tintured the style of the disciple, which is on the whole an advantage to the neophyte, as affording a preparation by easy stages. This book, which speaks of Meredith's influence, his style and his position among thinkers, and also gives an analysis of his separate works, was first prepared as a lecture and delivered in Paris. After this it was amplified into its present form. It must not be supposed, however, that because it was written to call the attention of foreigners

* Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher. By Henry Jones, Professor of Philosophy in the University College of South Wales. £2.10. Macmillan & Co.

† George Meredith. By H. Lynch. London: Methuen & Co.

to Meredith's peculiar qualities, it is like carrying the word to Jerusalem, for the public is largely in the position of the barbarian with regard to him. The lover of George Meredith's novels will find little in the book that he has not thought out himself, and there are times when he may deprecate the *rapprochement* which the author shows with such characters as Edward Blancove and the wise youth Adrian, and when he may feel that she has missed the key to such a one as young Beauchamp—that splendid personality which, though never crowned with the glory of success, yet wrung admiration and affection from those who were his enemies because of his absolute integrity of nature. Miss Lynch has made some eminently sagacious observations on the wholesome tendency of Meredith's mind and writing in this age of morbid introspection; but we believe that the author has missed, as a *motif* for much of his work, his feeling almost of bitterness against sham emotions and hypocrisy.

But we doubt if even through the medium of intellectual kindergarten clubs, Meredith will ever become comprehensible to the majority. He is too uncompromising. He condescends to no explanations. His events are culminations—the climaxes of growth of characters whose history we have not learned; his conversations the glittering apexes whose foundations of unifying thought we have not seen. His isolated phrases and sentences are like detached watch-towers whose connecting walls and battlements have been demolished: easy to scale from the wall, they are now impossible to reach from the ground. It is not, as in the case of Browning, that Meredith's ideas are essentially difficult to grasp, but that his presentation makes them so. However, if anything could simplify Meredith to the comprehension of the unreflective mind, it is just such work as this which, as it were, blots out all the minor figures, multitudinous details and artificial accessories of the magnificent life pictures of this profound artist, and leaves the central characters in their relation to each other salient and prominent.

"Belief in God"*

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, Professor of Philosophy at Cornell University, is a lineal descendant, we believe, of that famous schoolmaster who settled long ago, in colonial days, at New Brunswick, N.J., and after whom one of the oldest streets in that college town is named. After his memorable address at the Commencement of Wellesley College in 1888, in which he handled with ease and skill the general subject of the trend of the modern mind, Prof. Schurman was invited to deliver a series of lectures at Andover Theological Seminary in March, 1890, upon the Winkley foundation. His theme was 'Belief in God: Its Origin, Nature and Basis.' The lectures, six in number, discuss agnosticism, or the impossibility of belief in God; the logical character of that belief; its origin and development, and belief in God as cause or ground of the world, as realizing purpose in the world, and as Father of Spirits. The author is much better read in philosophy than in theology, and for one who seeks rational grounds in philosophy only for his belief in a divine being, this compact little book will serve excellent purpose. Those who would formulate or strengthen their belief in God by argument or inquiries more closely connected with historical theology will be disappointed in it. Prof. Schurman calls frequent attention to the fact that most of the recent intellectual work done has been in the domain of historical and critical studies; but he scorns the idea of theological belief resting on mere historical occurrences. He demands that theology shall have for its first and deepest foundation philosophy pure and simple. After his first chapter, which smites hip and thigh the hosts led by Huxley, he shows the logical character of a belief in God. His third chapter is a brilliant historical review of past thinking, and is made by a mind well

able to discern what is essential and what temporary and of purely personal or partisan value in the schemes of each school and individual thinker. The fourth chapter is the core of the author's thinking, in which we seem to sail into seas removed from the old coast lines, while yet the old stars shine on with fresh lustre, with new beacons kindling on the headlands of the once unknown. Fortunately the stylist is not utterly lost in the philosopher; despite the cumbrous verbal machinery which thinkers appear to believe necessary, the text is not hard. The sentences are short, the reasoning clear, and the thought luminous. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the phenomena both of the universe and of human life require the thinking mind to postulate a Supreme Ground of things which we are entitled to describe as self-conscious Spirit and loving Father.'

Comparative Politics *

THE STUDY of political science by the comparative method cannot be said to be a new or even a modern system. It is, in fact, as old as Aristotle. In recent times, however, the method has been pursued, in this as in other sciences, with more scientific exactness and with better results than in earlier days. The chief difficulty in this study arises out of what may be styled, in scientific phrase, the personal equation. Each student makes his observations with a bias of some sort, derived from partisan or national or racial prepossessions. Allowance must always be made for this bias in considering his conclusions.

Prof. Burgess, Dean of the University Faculty of Political Science in Columbia College, has given us, in his two attractive-looking volumes on Political Science (1), the results of many years' study of the constitutions of the leading states of Western Europe and North America. More particularly, his work is devoted to an analysis and comparison of the systems of government of Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and France. The written constitutions of the three last-named states are printed in the appendix, and their actual working, as well as that of the unwritten constitution of England, is carefully described, with comments marked by as much accuracy and fairness as can reasonably be looked for in a writer belonging to any one of the nationalities mentioned.

The author's bias, in fact, is not so much that of nationality as of race. In his view no people of Asia have ever been able to establish a 'real state,' nor is it possible that they should do so except under the tutelage of one of the two European races which have the 'comprehensive political genius'—namely, the Latin and the Teutonic. The Greeks, Slavs, and Celts are unfortunately devoid of this genius, and, therefore, never have established, or can be expected to establish, good governments, unless under the direction of one of the two superior races, and especially the Teutonic, 'the political race *par excellence*.' This gifted race, by virtue of its superior capacity, has the natural right of seizing upon the territory of any inferior race, and subjecting its people to the control which can alone make them fit for self-government; and if the inferior people should prove recalcitrant, their Teutonic conquerors may lawfully exterminate them, for the general good. These Carlylean maxims, which divorce politics from morality, belong to a past generation. They do not accord with the spirit of our times, and are rather surprising in an American work. It seems also a narrow judgment which denies to the two oldest and, on the whole, most prosperous of nationalities, the Chinese and the Japanese, the title of 'real states.' We might with as much—and as little—truth and justice refuse to the works of their authors the title of real literature.

The liberal temper and graceful style which mark Dr. Bourinot's 'Studies of Comparative Politics' (2) make them very agreeable reading. The author holds the office of Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, in which position he has had the opportunity of observing the making of a constitution and of a not uneventful history; and his works on 'Parliamentary Procedure and Practice' and on 'The Constitutional History of Canada' are greatly esteemed. In the present 'Studies,' which are reprinted from the latest Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, his comparison of the three most important federal systems of our times, those of the United States, Switzerland, and Canada, are highly interesting and instructive. The several merits and defects of each system

* 1. Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law. By John W. Burgess. 2 vols. \$2.50. Ginn & Co. 2. Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics. By John George Bourinot. Dawson Brothers. 3. The Government Hand-Book: A Record of the Forms and Methods of Government in Great Britain, her Colonies, and Foreign Countries. By Lewis Sergeant. \$2.50. F. A. Stokes Co.

* Belief in God. By J. G. Schurman. \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.

are in general fully and candidly set forth. But here also the personal equation has to be considered. The natural bias of habit, and perhaps an illusion of language, leads the author to hold the English and Canadian systems of so called 'responsible government'—which is, practically, government by a partisan committee of a single house, elected for a long term, and acting virtually without check of any kind,—to be superior to the American system of government by two elected houses and a separately elected executive, all supervising and checking one another, and all made responsible to the people by frequent elections. Yet experience shows that the almost inevitable results of the former system are tyranny of the majority, partiality and extravagance. A comparison of the public debts of Canada and the United States, federal and local, as they were twenty years ago and as they stand to-day, affords ample evidence of the superiority of the American system.

Those who desire to pursue these interesting studies of comparative politics, and to comprehend in their view all the civilized and semi-civilized states of the globe, will find valuable material in Mr. Sergeant's 'Government Hand-Book' (3), a revised edition of his 'Government Year-Book,' which appeared first in 1888. The present issue contains all that was of permanent value in the last-named work, its main contents being the outlines of the constitutional forms and methods of the various states of the world, from the most important to the most insignificant. Even Corea, Hawaii, and Madagascar have their places among the 'Monarchies,' which number twenty-five, while Andorra, Liberia, and the Orange Free State appear in the list of 'Republics,' which, by a singular coincidence, are exactly as numerous as the monarchies. The author's remarks on the 'political tendencies' of the leading governments are usually fair and judicious. In a general survey he finds that 'the strongest political tendency of the time is towards the constant development of popular government.' Being a Briton, as well as a Liberal, he proudly affirms that 'it was in Great Britain that the germs of the democratic principle were originally fostered,'—forgetting apparently Greece, Rome, ancient Germania, and modern Switzerland. Thus the personal equation constantly turns up in our authorities, and demands special caution in pursuing this line of study.

Recent Fiction

THE TWO CANADIAN stories, 'The Chore-Boy of Camp Chipewa' and 'The Wreckers of Sable Island,' by J. Macdonald Oxley, were evidently, from their paging and contents, intended for separate publication, and destined to increase the familiar literature of the Sunday-school library. Bound together in a neat volume, with some taking illustrations, they make a book which any boy will prize, and which older readers may peruse with pleasure. Mr. Oxley is a good story-teller, and evidently writes from a personal acquaintance with the scenes which he describes. The incidents of life in a Canadian lumber-camp, and the perils of rafting on the Ottawa and its tributaries, are depicted with much spirit; the characters are well portrayed, and the plot is sufficiently interesting to hold the reader's attention. The other story is of a more ambitious cast, partaking of the historical character. It describes the adventures of a lad who, sailing from England in 1799 to join his father, a surgeon in the regiment of the Duke of Kent, then stationed at Halifax, is shipwrecked on Sable Island. The island is apparently described from actual knowledge, or from the report of an eye-witness. The life of the wreckers, by whom the young hero is rescued, must be, to some extent, a matter of conjecture; but the author cannot be far wrong in his outlines, and he has managed to make of his materials a narrative sufficiently attractive to show that he possesses talent equal to a more important work. (American Baptist Pub. Society.)

IN HER 'Stories of the Land of Evangeline,' Miss Grace McLeod has attempted, with a fair measure of success, to embody in the form proper to fictitious narratives various historical or traditional incidents in the past of her native colony of Nova Scotia. The incidents belong to periods often far apart, ranging from the capture of Port Royal by General Phipps in 1690 to the piratical raid of a pretended privateer in 1813. There is an evident basis of truth in all the stories; and the author has apparently been somewhat hampered by her desire to keep as near as possible to the recorded facts. On the other hand the tales are presented without regard to chronology, and with few explanatory remarks,—the writer apparently expecting all her readers to be as familiar as herself with Nova Scotian history and localities. If she had disposed her stories in the order of their dates, and had connected them by a thread of historical narrative, she would have made a much more acceptable book, particularly as a companion for tourists in her picturesque province. Even without these aids, and with the drawback of a style occasionally somewhat overwrought and made obscure

in the stress for effect, the book remains a work of more than common merit, and worthy of a place in any traveller's satchel, carried through the regions it describes. The longest stories are the best, a fact which may be regarded as evidence that the author could do better work on a larger scale. 'The Hunchback of Port Royal' has touches of genuine pathos and power; and 'The Cow-Bells of Grand Pré' is pleasing in its domestic and romantic interest. (\$1.25. D. Lothrop Co.)

'HIS TWO LOVES' are twin sisters, exactly alike in personal appearance, totally unlike in every other respect. The one beautiful, high-bred and gifted with every noble quality; the other equally beautiful, but distinguished by qualities in marked contrast to those of her sister. He loves the first devotedly, but hopelessly as she is married, and without knowing she has a sister. The latter he finally meets and her striking personal resemblance to the other for the moment fascinates him and he tries to console himself with her, never actually loving her but always seeing her sister reflected in her. At last the husband of his real love deserts her and she procures a divorce from him and is ready to marry her lover. He wastes no time in giving up the sister for her, and this one determines to be revenged upon them. She tries to destroy herself and her twin at the same time with the fumes of charcoal, but only succeeds with herself: the other one is saved by a lucky accident. It is a trashy French story, but so badly translated that it is hard to tell anything about it. The translation is by R. H. Merriam. (50 cts. Price-McGill Pub. Co.)

A MAN DIES leaving his friend, Mortimer Paget, an estate of \$8,000/- in trust for his son. If the boy dies before attaining his majority, the money reverts to Paget. Paget, thinking no one knows of the existence of these deeds, destroys them and appropriates the fortune. A duplicate set of papers is in the possession of the boy, however, and the money has to be paid. Paget enters into a compact with a young man, who is madly in love with his only daughter, that he shall marry her, insure his life for \$8,000/-, and then commit a carefully-concealed suicide so that his father-in-law may get the insurance money and pay his debt to the trust estate. The young man is so much in love with the girl that he is willing to sacrifice his life for one year of happiness with her. One thing, however, the father, who adores his daughter, has not counted on—she grows to love her husband dearly, and when he disappears she finds out enough to make her hold her father responsible for it and to kill her affection for him. The husband was rescued from drowning and ultimately reappears, and the whole ugly story is confessed by the father, and the money is paid back to the insurance companies. The plot is unusual, but it is not handled with sufficient ability to make it seem possible. The story is called 'A Life for a Love,' and is by Mrs. E. T. T. Smith ('L. T. Meade'). (50 cts. U. S. Book Co.)

'QUITA,' by Cecil Dunstan, takes its name from its heroine, who was born in the Argentine Republic, and who on going to England for a visit falls in love with a man much older than herself who at first returns her affection and then tires of her. She goes back to her old home in despair and then she inherits an immense fortune. She returns to England and lays her money and herself at the feet of this man, only to be scorned by him again as she was at first. After that she concludes to devote herself to good works, and founds a home for orphan boys. One day, seeing one of these boys in great danger, she throws herself into the struggle to save him, has a terrible fall and dies from the injuries she receives. It is a tiresome story with no feature to give it even passing interest. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—AT WINTHROP HARLOE on the coast of Maine, two men, married to sisters, stumble accidentally on one of the most valuable granite quarries in that part of the country. They become very rich, and the story of 'Pudney and Walp' deals with the different manner in which the two families accept their prosperity. One wife wishes to make an ostentatious display of her wealth; the other cares for nothing of the kind, and has a most unpleasant life with her daughters, who are the reverse of their mother in every respect. The characters are stupid and vulgar, and the story drags its slow length along with nothing to redeem it. It is by F. Bean. (\$1. U. S. Book Co.)—'AN ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENT,' by the author of 'The Story of a Country Town,' although in form a novel, is in substance a pamphlet which makes a vigorous onslaught upon the liberty accorded to American girls. The writer warns his readers, with tiresome iteration but with much force, that it is unwise from every point of view to leave a young man alone with a young woman evening after evening, which appears to be the practice in the rural districts. Such a custom is certainly inexcusable, and Mr. Howe does well to assail it; but his righteous indignation

oversteps all reasonable bounds, and repels one by its exaggeration. The statement he so often repeats, that all men are jealous of their wives' old lovers, is one which we need not characterize. The dementia which drives the imaginary narrator of the Ante-Mortem Statement to suicide is not obscurely reflected in his lucubrations. (50 cts. Atchison, Topeka : Globe Publishing Co.)

THE 'DISENCHANTMENT' of Miss Augusta Desborough follows hard on her marriage with Philip Preston, M.P., an Irish member, of unsound mind and addicted to drink, who brings home to dinner other Irish members even less enchanting than himself. He has, however, the goodness to commit suicide. Mabel Robinson is the author—and destroyer—of his being. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—**'THE THIRD MISS ST. QUENTIN,'** by Mrs. Molesworth, is the story of a middle-class Cinderella, who takes service as a governess when she finds that she has no share in the inheritance of her sisters, and ends by marrying a baronet. It is a mildly proper story, sufficiently like life in its most humdrum aspects, except when, as in its most interesting chapter, it is 'too good to be true.' (\$1.50. Thos. Whittaker.)—**'A MAGNETIC MAN,'** as imagined by E. S. Van Zile, is one who becomes personally attractive by an ingenious application of electricity. Not satisfied with overcoming the repugnance which his appearance naturally excites, Mr. Van Zile's hero, seeking to make himself quite irresistible, turns on too much current and kills himself. The best of the 'Other Stories' in the volume is **'A Tangle of Hearts,'** in which the officers and members of a bachelors' club all fall in love with the same young woman, who jilts them, and elopes with a Count. (50 cts. Frank F. Lovell & Co.)

'THE GREAT MILL STREET MYSTERY' is a romance of the slums in which figure a flower-girl with red gold hair, an artist in pursuit of the ideal, a blind minister, fishing for men, and a fanatic of the Salvation Army type, who interferes between the artist and his model and is murdered for his pains. The incidents may, for aught we know, be natural, and even quite normal in the parts of London described; but Adeline Sergeant does not succeed in making them appear so. Her horrors long drawn out are neither pleasant nor profitable reading, and are not so impressive as those of the daily press. It is to be hoped that the workings of the new Copyright law will check the reprinting on this side of the Atlantic of such books, even though published 'by arrangement with the author.' (50 cts. U. S. Book Co.)—**'OUR ERRING BROTHER'** recounts the adventures of a millionaire with a trio of irascible divines, high church, low church, and dissenting. Returning from India to keep his engagement with his English sweetheart, he is led by her to attempt to induce the three to cease squabbling and work in harmony. In this he succeeds so far as to get himself roundly denounced and abused by each in turn. His failure to reconcile their differing views of life and duty upsets his own, and he 'goes wrong' in the most approved fashion of heroes of paper-covered romances. But his betrothed comes back to him; he is restored to such grace as he had before his fall; and he goes out once more to India, where, by means not specified, but possibly reputable, he makes another fortune. The satiric intention of the author, Mr. F. W. Robinson, is, if anything, too plainly visible; but it distinguishes his book from the hosts of its like in which no intention whatever can be traced. (50 cts. Frank F. Lovell & Co.)

Minor Notices

THREE PAPERS on forest administration, read at the joint session of the American Economic Association and the American Forestry Association at Washington, Dec. 30, 1890, reach us in the shape of a pamphlet of one hundred pages, with the imprint of the first-named Association. The most important of the three is a short account of the 'Present Condition of the Forests on the Public Lands,' by Mr. Edward A. Bowers, who recounts the various causes operating to the destruction of the forests and shows how ridiculously inadequate, though in some cases unduly restrictive, the present laws are. Mr. Gifford Pinchot writes of 'Government Forestry Abroad,' giving in particular an account of the French system of maintaining coppice under a sparse growth of high trees (*taillis sous futaie*), and an account of the German training-schools for foresters. The progress of forestry in India, Australia and other countries is also touched upon. Mr. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Forestry Division in the Department of Agriculture, who writes of the 'Practicability of an American Forest Administration,' seems to have little faith in Congressional action, and fears that before proper steps shall be taken, the Rocky Mountain slopes will become denuded of woods, owing to the rapacity of the railroads and large lumbermen, and the bad habits, confirmed by bad laws, of the mass of the population. Of the future of the Adirondacks and of the woods of the Pacific slope he is more hopeful, because, in

the former case, a proper state administration should pay for itself at once, without entailing hardship on anybody; and in the latter, because up to the present time natural increase has repaired damages. All three writers recommend the immediate withdrawal of all public woodlands from entry pending a thorough examination and survey; the permanent withdrawal and management by the general Government of those which have considerable influence on climate and water supply; and the creation of a force of trained and competent overseers and forest guards, to dispose of salable timber, prevent fires, and bring timber thieves to justice. (75 cts. American Economic Association).

'FARMING,' as written about, and perhaps practised, by Mr. Richard Kendall Munkittrick, is a wild business. It includes accounts that won't foot up right, colts that will not let themselves be caught, stumps that are hard to pull, ducks that don't take to water and dogs that do, decorated pigs, idealized cows and sheep, elevated tomatoes, and sundry remarkable inventions intended to mitigate the horrors of a farmer's lot, but not likely to do so except by raising a laugh. The illustrations, by Mr. Arthur Burdett Frost, may be said to be truly illustrative and even more provocative of laughter than the text. The corn-cob pipe and half-emptied paper of tobacco in the tail-piece suggest how it ought to be read—that is to say, between puffs. (\$1.50. Harper & Bros.)—**'A LITTLE BOOK OF PROSE POEMS,** addressed 'From Within' to Helen, has fallen into our hands on the way. We find in it a portrait of the author, Mr. W. Palmer Hoxie, an account of his 'Days as they Pass'; some ideas on 'The Ideal,' and advice about 'Books,' such as this:—'Commence your reading of a book by conscientiously perusing its cover'; and 'When you read comprehensively' (query, comprehendingly?) 'you are listening to your own voice.' Mr. Hoxie appears to have read his Emerson, 'Genius,' 'The Fetish of Passion,' 'Friends' have also occupied his thoughts; and his booklet ends with some flowing but not pell-mell verses to 'Walt Whitman' and 'Omar'—meaning Omar the Tent-maker, not Omar the Caliph, nor any other Omar. (Phila.: Geo. H. Buchanan & Co.)

'THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN AND THE SEXUAL RELATIONS' is a work translated from the German of Karl Heinzen. The author's object in writing it was to emancipate woman from what he deems the thralldom in which she is now held. The book opens with an account of the position of women in the principal historic nations of the world, and then goes on to advocate what is practically free love. Mr. Heinzen would have marriage dependent on nothing but the will of the parties concerned; and he would treat divorce in a similar manner, allowing either party to dissolve the marriage bond at his own individual pleasure, the state assuming the care and support of the children. Nor does he confine himself to the marriage question alone, but wishes to free women from what he calls their bondage to religion—in other words, he wants to make them atheists. We have said enough, we think, to show the character of the book, and also to show that it is not worth criticising. (B. R. Tucker.)—**'WE HAVE RECEIVED** a small quarto volume entitled 'Borrowings,' compiled by ladies of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland, California. It contains a variety of brief passages in prose and verse selected from a large number of writers and seldom extending to half a page in length. They are mostly of an ethical character, and touch upon many different phases of life and conduct. There are few of the hackneyed quotations among them, and many of them are excellent, both in thought and expression. The author's name is generally attached to each selection, but a few are anonymous. The book is finely printed, and will prove interesting to all who like this kind of reading. (75 cts. San Francisco : William Doxey.)

ANYTHING THAT Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick has to say on household matters is worth reading, and her latest book 'What to Eat: How to Serve It,' though it seems to cover ground that is already thoroughly cultivated by books on the same and kindred subjects, has so many valuable suggestions about luncheon and dinner giving, and is so clearly arranged and so well indexed that it will be an aid to many a housekeeper. It contains *menus* for the three daily meals, with accompanying recipes, and though in the midst of a busy life and the complicated servant question one may not compass the delight of meals so well ordered, they are salutary ideals to have before one. There are chapters on the care of linen, silver and glass; but we believe Mrs. Herrick has omitted to describe the proper way to remove dishes and courses while a dinner is in progress—a thing which few servants do well, because it seems to be left to the individual discrimination of the mistress. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)—**'THE MEMORIAL** of Joseph and Lucy Clarke Allen, the former for fifty-six years a minister in the town of Northborough, Mass., written by their children, is one of those books

which members of families noted in some way for public spirit or private virtue are fond of publishing in this age of annals—books whose interest naturally is circumscribed and whose circulation is limited to those who are connected by association or acquaintance with the subjects of the memorial. (\$1.50. Boston: George H. Ellis.)

PART 2 OF THE *Bookmaker's American Dictionary of Printing and Bookmaking*' maintains the high standard set in the first part of what promises to be a work of lasting utility. Among the principal articles are 'Printing for the Blind,' with several alphabets; 'Block-Book,' with a cut from a German edition of the *Biblia Pauperum*; 'Book'—an historical account of the material book, as we know it; 'Bookbinding,' with many cuts of modern tools and machines; 'Book-keeping,' giving a system especially suited to the printer's needs; 'Book-Room'; 'Bookworms' (the insect, only, is considered); and 'Border,' with some neat examples made of type and brass rules. A long list of well-known Boston printers is given; and there are portraits and biographical notices of William Caxton, Samuel Bowles, William Bowyer the younger, Leverett Brainard, Henry T. Brian, George Bruce, Andrew Campbell, Matthew Cary, George W. Childs, and printers of other cities. Several forms of cabinets for cases are illustrated; there are cuts of card-cutting and case-bending machines; and rules are given for capitalizing and for 'casting off'—that is, estimating how many pages a certain quantity of copy will produce in type. The illustrations all appear to be new, and paper and printing are very good. (Howard Lockwood & Co.)

VOL.VII. of the new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' contains many articles of special interest to Americans, and copyrighted in this country. Among them are elaborate descriptions, with colored maps, of the States of Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio and Oregon. There are also articles on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, on Mormons, Negroes, New Orleans, New York City and Oklahoma. George Saintsbury writes on 'Molière,' Dr. D. G. Brinton contributes the article on 'Negroes' and Norman Walker of the *Times Democratic* that on 'New Orleans'; Prince Kropotkin is the historian of 'Nihilism' and P. G. Hamerton of 'Painting'; while A. H. Bullen writes of 'Marlowe' and 'Marston,' and John Ormsby of 'Novels.' It will be seen that this volume, like those that preceded it in the present edition, has been brought up to date in all that regards this country. New information on many scientific and manufacturing subjects is also given, together with the results of recent explorations in Palestine and other countries. (\$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'SOVEREIGNS AND COURTS of Europe,' by 'Politikos,' is a series of sketches of the reigning European monarchs and their families. The author dwells principally upon the tastes, temperaments and personal traits of his royal sitters, and has little to say with regard to the political side of his subject. He has evidently striven to be fair and impartial, and while his personages are depicted in a favorable light, they are not unduly flattered. At the same time one cannot but feel that his portrait of the late King of Holland, for example, would have been truer to life if the author had borrowed a few drops of Thomas Carlyle's ink. It is singular to notice how the influence of the French Revolution has affected royalty itself. Not a few of our modern kings appear to find the pomp and splendor of courts in bad taste, and to regard themselves as obsolescent survivals of an outworn age. The business-like sovereign of to-day resembles but little the old pleasure-loving rulers, whose lives were only useful to point a moral, and who accepted in good faith the theory of their own 'right divine to govern wrong.' The frequent Gallicisms and infelicities of style in the volume under notice would lead one to infer that English was not the mother-tongue of its author. Whatever his nationality, however, 'Politikos' is a well-informed writer, and a man of his time. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

SO LONG AS there shall be either lovers or Latinists, the life of Petrarch will not be without interest. Within the last twenty years, however, the extent of his influence has received fuller recognition than ever before. This is in part due to the celebration in 1874 of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth, which stimulated the investigation of all manner of questions connected with the career of the poet-scholar, and thus gave rise to a considerable literature. In the meantime the increasing national pride and patriotism in 'United Italy' have directed attention anew to the beginnings of Italian literature, and have won for Petrarch new laurels as really the first advocate of Italian independence. Then,

also, the researches of recent years in the history of the humanistic movement have set forth in the strongest light his services to the cause of learning. Miss Ward has done well, therefore, to give us a new account of the genial humanist, based upon the most recent authorities. She tells the story of his life in a direct and interesting way, with many delightful glimpses of the social and political world in which he moved. There are also chapters on the writings of Petrarch, supplemented by a selected list of references to works treating the subject more fully. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)—'LAMB'S ESSAYS: a Biographical Study,' selected and annotated by Elizabeth D. Hanscom, gathers into a neat volume such of the perennially fascinating essays as are more directly autobiographical, with the addition of notes that explain the many personal and other allusions likely to perplex readers who have not made a special study of the life of the gentle Elia and his friends. Each essay is also prefaced with a selection from some one of his best biographers bearing upon the paper. The book thus forms a pleasant introduction to the reading of Lamb, and will be particularly helpful to students of literature in schools and colleges. The publishers have brought it out in neat and attractive style, the single defect being the lack of an index to persons, places, etc. (\$1.25. D. Lothrop Co.)

'PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION PROCESSES,' by P. C. Duchois, issued in the Scovill Photographic Series, is a practical treatise on processes of printing from negatives without the use of silver salts—processes employed principally by architects to multiply copies of their plans and drawings, but which may be of service also to engravers on wood and metal, draughtsmen, and many others. The author, being a practical photographer, well versed in the sciences bearing on his art, and able to express himself in good English, has produced an excellent work of its kind. Among the processes of which he treats are the cyanotype, the most commonly used; the cuprototype, uranium black, aniline and primuline processes. (\$1. Scovill & Adams Mfg. Co.)—'COWELL'S TIME CHART of the World' shows at a glance, by means of a sliding printed slip, the hour of the day at all points on the globe simultaneously. It is put up, in a neat cloth cover, along with a selection of tables of weights, measures, distances, fares and other information likely to be useful or interesting to travellers; and, that no space may be wasted, the inside of the cover is marked off for a chessboard, on which a game may be played with paper chessmen. (50 cts. Ypsilanti, Mich.: Time Chart Pub. Co.)—THE 'ECLECTIC Card Catalog Rules,' compiled by Klas August Linderfeldt, Librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library, from Dziatzko, Cutter, Dewey, Perkins and the rules of the British Museum, etc., seem a very complete and reliable guide to the alphabetical cataloguing of large or medium-sized libraries. Its rules for the selection of the main entry word will be found of interest even by owners of small private libraries. An appendix contains a list of Oriental titles of honor and occupations. (Boston: Charles A. Cutter.)

Magazine Notes

FLOWERS have a good deal to answer for in the conceits, the prettinesses, the namby-pamby fancies with which they have inspired a multitude of authors. But the inspiration has led to something better in the case of Miss Edith M. Thomas, whose verses in the August *Atlantic* are as full of observation as Thoreau's and as prettily turned as Herrick's. The flowers have nothing to be ashamed of in her 'Notes from a Wild Garden,' which speak for them as much as of them. 'Two Little Drummers,' woodpeckers by race, have found a sympathetic historian in Olive Thorne Miller, of whose series of bird-biographies this is one of the best—more interesting to us, we must confess, than Mr. John C. Ropes's article on Gen. Sherman, or even the reviews of Mrs. Orr's 'Browning' and the Murray Memoirs which accompany it. Agnes Repplier runs a tilt against the 'Oppression of Notes'—notes of another sort, not drawn from any wild garden, but from the over-cultivated garden of scholarship. Why, she asks, should 'that innocent non-descript,' the average reader, be sent by Mr. Ritchie to search for information in the pages of Mr. Froude, 'always a disheartening thing to be asked to do?' And why should he be told that 'Spanish Castle' means 'Château en Espagne'? Mr. Gosse's comments on Gray's 'Elegy' provoke her ire almost equally with Person's on Euripides. 'It is healthy and natural,' she avers, 'for a child to be forcibly attracted by what she does not wholly comprehend.' So it is; and 'notes' have precisely that attraction for many people who are children in nothing else. Harriet W. Preston and Louise Dodge offer specimen letters of the 'Disputed Correspondence' between Seneca and St. Paul, which seem hardly worth disputing over. Wendell P. Garrison advocates the 'Reform of the Senate,' W. D. McCracken reviews Switzerland's 'Six Centuries of Self-

government,' Henry James has a characteristic sketch, 'The Marriages, and Edmund Clarence Stedman a poem, 'Harebell,' a sort of palinode to the shade of Lawrence Barrett.

'Russia and the Jews' form the main topic discussed in the August *Forum*, no less than three writers dealing with different sides of it. Dr. Geffcken declares that the persecutions have had the effect of placing Russian finances in a very bad position, and advises capitalists against investing in Russian enterprises or securities. Mr. I. A. Hourwitch gives a picture of the extent and the severity of the persecutions; and Baron de Hirsch writes hopefully of his project of establishing a Jewish agricultural colony in the Argentine Republic. President Francis A. Walker has something to say on an allied subject, 'Immigration and Degradation.' Dr. Nansen, the explorer of Greenland, maps out his 'New Route to the North Pole'; and Gen. A. W. Greely estimates his chances of getting there. Mr. Ricardo L. Trumbull, agent of the Chilean Congressional government, opposed to President Balmaceda, gives an account of the present 'Chilean Struggle for Liberty.' Ex-Gov. L. A. Sheldon estimates the profits of fruit-culture in California; and Mr. George E. Woodberry those, much smaller and less certain, of the literary worker. No one well acquainted with present conditions, he says, would feel free to advise any youth, however talented, to trust to literature for a living. The Copyright Law will help him but little, and the whole tendency of trade requirements is to promote the production of little things and discourage great. His best opportunity is in fiction; his next best in the literature of knowledge for the people. In either of these lines of work he may, if competent, earn an honest living; but if he wishes to be himself and to do his best, he must look for no return at all. Mr. Simon Sterne writes of the 'Greathead Underground Electric Railway'; and Mr. Edward P. Clark on the question 'Does Public Life Give Long Careers?'

The first volume of *The Monist* (Oct. 1890—July 1891) lies before us. This magazine, as our readers are probably aware, is an organ of those who take the materialistic view of things, and accordingly we find that articles on biology and physiological psychology are prominent in its pages. Papers on strictly philosophical subjects are much more rare, such as are presented being mostly of an ethical character. The different writers, though agreeing in their opposition to metaphysics and what they term supernaturalism, differ widely on other points, and not a few of their articles are criticisms on one another. The writers are of many nationalities—American, English, German, French and Italian,—so that the themes they treat are considered from many points of view. We do not find in their discussions, however, anything specially new or striking, and if the founders of the magazine have thought that they were going to change the current of American opinion, we fear they will be disappointed. The great problems of metaphysics and religion cannot be thrust aside as the conductors of *The Monist* suppose, and we venture to say that the philosophy of the future will not adopt much from their writings. The paper will serve, however, to show what the materialistic school are thinking, and in this way it may be useful to those who disagree with its teachings. (Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.)

The Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review for July fully justifies its title by the value of the contributions it contains and the extent of ground covered by them. Of two views of the African question, Dr. Max Nordau's condemns the political ambition of European states as likely to lead to nothing better than the enriching of a few adventurers at the cost of misery to the black man and an increased burden of taxation to the European nations concerned. According to Dr. Nordau Europe supplies and can supply nothing that the Negro wishes for but the vile poison sold under the name of 'rum'; and except in the already settled countries of the extreme north and south, European immigration is impossible. Cheap labor, to be paid for with 'rum,' he claims, is what the 'cynics' who are exploiting Africa have in their mind's-eye. A brighter view is taken by Mr. A. Silva White, who points out that the British possessions and the 'sphere of British influence,' taken together, cover most of the land available for European immigration, and must, therefore, be the centre of any real civilizing influence which the present movement may bring about. A remarkably candid, and at the same time temperately worded, account of the troubles at Manipur, by an 'Authority,' is followed by a sketch, by Mr. R. A. Sterndale, of the benefits which 'A Colonial Policy for India' would entail. Among the papers prepared for the Oriental Congress to meet in September is one by Dr. G. W. Leitner on the races and languages of the Hindu-Kush, giving examples of the proverbs and poetry of several little-known North Indian tongues. 'A Persian Minister' writes of the progress of his country under the present Shah; the Emperor of Morocco also finds a eulogist in the late editor of the *Morocco Times*; L.

Dutilh de la Tuque writes of 'France and Her Colonies'; Sir E. N. C. Braddon, K. C. M. G., of 'Tasmania and her Prospects'; and His Excellency Wassa Pasha and the late Sir Patrick Colquhoun of 'The Pelasgi and Their Modern Descendants.' (International News Co.)

Walt Whitman's note on his new book 'Good-bye my Fancy,' though it fills but half a page, is the most noteworthy contribution to *Lippincott's* for August. It gives not merely a hint of what is to be looked for in the new volume, but the poet's own appreciation of his work as a whole. His plan, he says, has been to possess himself, at first, of 'a full armory of concrete actualities,' out of which the poem was to be shaped by his emotional nature, so that every page smacks of its author's living, personal identity, of the date at which and the environment in which it was written. Mr. Horace L. Traubel reports the grand old time that the poet had on his seventy-second birthday, at his Camden home. Samuel Arthur Jones criticizes the biographers of Thoreau, treating Mr. F. B. Sanborn with especial severity. Julian Hawthorne resuscitates Edgar Allan Poe, to have a hack at him. Anne Reeve Aldrich versifies her feelings 'At a Poet's Funeral.' It is a weird number of *Lippincott's*; and it contains, besides what we have noted above, Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron's complete novel, 'A Daughter's Heart,' with a portrait of the author.

It would be strange if the conspicuous success of Mr. Kipling had not tempted others into the almost limitless field a few corners of which he has barely scratched with his pen. The story of 'Heera Nund,' by F. A. Steel, in *Macmillan's* for August, might never have been written if Mr. Kipling had not shown the way; but it is evidence that there are others capable of giving permanent form to what is dramatic and picturesque in everyday Indian life. Heera and his daughter Dhopadi, who turns up every now and then, as by some conjuring trick, under a bell-glass or in a basket of vegetables, are curious examples of dusky humanity, and their pathetic story is told with better taste than Mr. Kipling sometimes exhibits. The adventures in Araucania and in Chilean prisons of M. Aurelius-Antony de Tounens of Périgueux afford material for a sketch of 'A Real Tartarin.' This son of the imaginative south made himself king, on paper, of Araucania and Patagonia, and made no less than three attempts to take possession of his kingdom, each time being captured or turned back by the Chileans, and dying at last in a hospital at Bordeaux. A new story by Bret Harte, 'A First Family of Tasajara,' is begun in this number. Arthur Edmund Street deals with the proposed new buildings and restorations at Westminster Abbey. This month's final instalment of 'Extracts from Some Unpublished Letters of Charlotte Brontë' deals with her reading of Eckermann and Ruskin, and certain experiences in the life of a governess.

Boston Letter

IT WAS SEVERAL years ago that I happened to pick up a magazine in which was printed the legend of the 'Boston cats,' and as I laughed heartily over the exploits of those felines of Athens, I could not help wondering how the prosaic business of a Bradstreet's agency could inspire such poetic effusions. But Mr. Arthur Macy, I soon found, could figure both in columns and in verses, and his 'Two Maidens' and his 'Celeste,' set to music by another Bostonian, Mr. Edgar A. P. Newcomb, attracted such general attention that now two more 'nonsense songs,' 'Sweet Tum-Tum' and 'Gurgling Imp,' and a slumber song by these two writers are in the music-publisher's press. Mr. Macy has followed in the footsteps of John Boyle O'Reilly and other literary leaders, as President of the Papyrus Club, and is now about to enter another field as lyrist of a comic opera. A few personal friends have heard the opera, and so enthusiastic have been the commendations of the musical experts that it would seem the long missing 'American Opera' was at hand.

Mr. Newcomb is the composer, while the librettist is Mr. William Maynadier Browne, of the editorial staff of *The Youth's Companion*. Mr. Browne is known as the author of a number of plays for amateurs, and is to take his first step upon the professional stage, by the proxy of his fictional characters, in a play called 'The Trustee,' which Mr. A. M. Palmer has under consideration, and in a comedy written for Mr. David Frohman. The opera was his idea, and the scenario won over Messrs. Macy and Newcomb as associates.

The story of the opera relates to fisherman life in Marblehead a hundred and fifty years ago, with two pairs of lovers and a marriage seeking villain who resembles Shylock in his demands. The hero having failed to pay his debt, the heroine must pay with her hand the forfeit of her bond to an operatic Shylock. So stands the situation when a discovery that two contracts were mixed up in the signing leads to freedom from the forfeit.

With this opera on hand and with Mr. Henry D. Coolidge, author of the opera of 'Priscilla,' at work upon a new libretto, and Mr. Henry O'Meara, author of 'Ballads of America,' with his war-drama of 'Desertion' completed, the local representation of literature on the stage is likely to be large. Mr. Herne, I am informed, has a new play called 'Shore Acres,' which he intends to bring out after the 'Margaret Fleming' revival this fall. 'Shore Acres' is, of course, of the realistic school. While I am writing of this school I may mention a suggestion made to me by one of its chief apostles, Mr. Hamlin Garland. 'It seems to me,' he said the other day, 'that when one comes to see what realists are really driving at, violent opposition ceases; for, however mistaken we may be, our intentions are of the best.' And then he added:—'I wish we had a new word to express what Mr. Howells really means by realism. "The truthful treatment of material" is good, but it is a phrase, and a word is needed. I would suggest "veritist".' Mr. Garland is to have a characteristic story in the next *Century*.

Miss Nora Perry (whose determined bent to the actual led Mr. George E. Woodberry to declare that though the influence of that inclination could not make a realist of her, yet it took her out of the rank of the sentimentalists) is to please her readers this coming winter with a new collection of poems. Little, Brown & Co. will publish the volume, and will adorn it with a portrait of the author. Lyrics and legends both will be included in the selections. Miss Perry's power in picturing scenes of life as well as her skill in imaginative thought will make of the book a worthy successor to her earlier works.

Another book to come from the same publishers this winter is of a practical character. Eight editions of Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations' have made that useful reference book widely known, but a distinction lies in the coming ninth edition that increases its value. Mr. Bartlett has determined to make that the final edition. With a list of eight hundred and fifty authors he may well feel that the book has reached the crest of the hill of handy reference, up which stumbling readers look for aid; and may enjoy the privilege of removing, as he intends to do, the first three words of the subtitle 'An Attempt at a Collection of Passages, Phrases and Proverbs.' It is eight years since the eighth edition was issued, and thirty-six years since the first publication.

Mrs. Erving Winslow's reading of Miss Mary E. Wilkins's unpublished play, this past week, has led many to suppose that this is the initial introduction of the drama to the public. I am strongly under the impression, however, that it was read a year ago before the summer school of literary enthusiasts which meets in quiet, rustic Deerfield. Salem witchcraft is the theme of 'Giles Corey, Yeoman,' the play in question. The trial of the sturdy yeoman and his honest wife by the judges is made an effective scene by the climax of resolve in which Corey, rather than open his lips to plead, receives his condemnation—death between two crushing stones. Into this tragic story Miss Wilkins has woven a love romance, by giving to the daughter of Corey a lover whom Ann Hutchins jealously admires and who receives, immediately after the sentence upon the father, the hand of his sweetheart in marriage, as that father had commanded.

Miss Wilkins informs me that she always had a desire to write a play, and that when first she composed this work she had an idea that eventually it might be arranged for the stage, but that she has now decided it is not an acting play. It is, however, an excellent reading play, if one may judge by the cordial reception it has received. During the past week Miss Wilkins has rewritten the entire drama, and is still at work upon it. The plot, with the exception of Olive and Paul and the love episode, is wholly historical; Giles Corey, as a matter of fact, stood mute at his trial and was put to death in the manner described. Miss Wilkins is to write a Christmas story for *Harper's Bazaar*, while *Harper's Monthly* before long will publish a story of early New England life, in which this admirable delineator of modern country life treats of Salem witchcraft and its consequences.

Mr. William M. Fullerton, who succeeds Mr. Blowitz at the head of the Paris department of the *London Times*, is well-known to literary men of Boston. He is very young for so responsible a post. At the age of twenty-three he was graduated at Harvard and at once became literary editor of the *Boston Advertiser*. At the age of twenty-four he visited London with the Rev. Samuel Longfellow and there made many friends among the English writers. At the age of twenty-five he was commissioned by an English illustrated magazine to make an expedition to Egypt and the islands of the Mediterranean. At the age of twenty-seven he was made editorial writer on the *London Times*; and now, at the age of twenty-eight, he is awarded another place of honor.

BOSTON, August 11, 1891. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

REMENTYI, the popular violinist, is reported to have written a book on Japanese art, which will be published in England.

London Letter

MRS. IRELAND'S BOOK on Jane Carlyle can hardly be said to have 'filled a want,' unless it be in the sense in which every new periodical which is thrust upon the already glutted market can be affirmed as doing so. We have had the Carlys, husband and wife, exhibited to us already, under every aspect, and by every kind of showman. We may be said to 'know the worst,' as regards them. They were undoubtedly an interesting pair, and public curiosity was not easily satisfied regarding their strange, fitful, tender, discordant, domestic alliance. Great men seldom have wives worth hearing about,—but Carlyle's wife was, and is, very much worth hearing about; only we have heard so much already, that it must be owned the general feeling about Mrs. Ireland's biography is that we could have done without it. So much being granted, however, a meed of praise must be accorded for the care and pains with which the work has been done, and for the interesting volume which as a whole has been compiled. Mrs. Ireland must, however, beware of the pitfall into which her distinguished predecessor in the art of Rembrandt-like portraiture, Mrs. Gaskell, fell when writing her powerful monograph on the author of 'Jane Eyre.' Neither Mrs. Gaskell nor Mrs. Ireland likes to see a ray of sunlight on her gloomy canvas. To allow that Charlotte Brontë could ever be light-hearted and merry, would have been to Mrs. Gaskell's view the spoliation of her as a heroine; even so, to own that the wife of Carlyle permitted her tongue and her pen alike to run away with her when dwelling upon home torments the half of which lay in her own imagination, would be to her present biographer the ruin of her as a martyr. Those who look a little deeper below the surface know how much truer to life is Froude's view of the little household in Chelsea; can imagine how sunshine and storm would alternate there; how fiery words and recriminations would be succeeded by kisses and embraces; how, in short, a nobleminded man and wife, each mortified and somewhat disfigured by blemishes too often allied to genius, would pass along the rugged path of life, not indeed with the case of simpler souls, but still with moments of great joy, and with unexplored depths of sympathy into which the world could not enter.

A quaint book and one which will delight lovers of the by-ways of musical paths has just been issued by Messrs. Blackwood. The name, 'Scottish Church Music,' may, and probably will, raise a smile on some lips, since Scotland has at no time been famed for its achievements in this particular line, and though there is an improvement of late years, even the improvement is occasionally startling. Last Sunday I was at a church in the Highlands, where one man, a giant in gray tweed, the best shepherd in the district, was bass, tenor, and anything else you please—was the only male voice in short—to half a dozen females; and anything more extraordinary I never heard than the stentorian roll which proceeded from that mighty chest. To 'slacken off' was obviously with its owner a thing impossible; wherefore, whenever a passage was marked to be rendered *pp*, there was nothing for it but to shut this poor fellow up altogether. It is thus, and thus only that light and shade are introduced into the singing of the parish church of Arrochar, on the bonnie banks of Loch Long. The compiler of 'Scottish Church Music,' however, introduces us to quite a mine of new ideas on the subject. It would appear that the composers of Scottish Psalmody have contributed anthems, chants, and tunes which are of world-wide reputation. The celebrated 'Jackson in F' is a case in point. Throughout the book there are many entertaining anecdotes, and a great deal of 'confused' information—confused, be it noted in the Scotchman's own meaning of the word, when he avowed that there was 'a deal of confused eating about a sheep's head.' We all know what is meant, and those who appreciate sheep's head as a dainty like it none the less but all the better for the 'eating' being 'confused.'

Mr. Abel Andrew, author of 'Books and Men,' has been comforated by Mr. Gladstone for the coldness with which his book has been received hitherto. 'Let the truth prevail,' writes the philosopher of Hawarden; and doubtless Mr. Andrew will feel the beauty and originality of the sentence, together with the honor conferred on him by being made the recipient of one of Mr. Gladstone's rare autograph letters.

The *Athenaeum* states that the poems of Herodas, and the other texts from papyri acquired by the British Museum, will be issued very soon.

The new Aristotle, by the way, is in good working order. I was told the other day by a schoolmaster of repute in scholarship—having been a 'First' at Oxford—that he had made use of the new 'find' from the outset; that it was now being adopted almost everywhere; and that it was really a valuable addition to our literature, not a mere trophy for pedants to cackle over, in which light some of us had been inclined to consider it.

A book which will delight all young folks with any vein of romance, or love of adventure, has just been reprinted, and issued by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers. The book has a dreary title, but do not let my youthful readers be deterred from its perusal thereby. 'History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745' sounds tame and dull enough,—but the true and faithful account of that wild war, the narrative of those moorland battles, when self-devoted sires led out their sons to die, while the 'pipes' screamed, and the tartans soaked in blood,—the tale of woe, and peril, and disaster, yet relieved by gleams of transient splendor when grim palaces were decked for the nonce, and proud hearts bursting with love and loyalty were gathered together round the 'Prince Charlie' of their hopes and dreams,—such a record cannot fail to thrill any but the dullest spirit. A little girl of ten was once poring over the delightful pages. Brothers and sisters around her were also reading. She annoyed them by incessantly quoting anecdotes and passages too good to be kept to herself; till one cried, boylike, 'If you interrupt again with a single story, I'll kick "Rebellion" out of the window.' The window was three stories high; 'Rebellion' was a treasured book; the threat was a serious one. But resolution was of no avail; something on the very next page made all besides forgotten, and one of the sights of the world never to be effaced from the writer's memory was that of the cherished 'History of the '45' flying out of the turret window into the blue sky, and thence to regions unknown. Let this domestic tragedy reassure all who are hesitating as to whether a history of any kind is, or is not, worth perusal. It may be added that the present volume is enriched by a graphic account of Prince Charlie's subsequent career—alas! not an edifying one—after his expulsion from France. His death, in 1788, took place, as is not generally known, on the anniversary of his great-grandfather's execution at Whitehall.

The collection of 'Tennysonia' disposed of the other day at Sotheby's possessed a curious interest of its own. Unknown and forgotten sonnets and stanzas from the pen of the Poet Laureate are valuable to the student of literary evolution, even if unworthy to be ranked with the collected works. Tennyson has been up in town lately, on a visit to one of his old friends, and has been 'doing' the picture galleries and other sights with all his old enthusiasm, delighting those who have met him by the vigor, both mental and physical, he displays.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is one of the few dramatists of to-day who may dare to offer the public a collected edition of the plays which attract so many audiences. That he is about to do so is now announced, and the result remains to be seen. I hardly think that the critic who was heard on leaving the Haymarket Theatre after one of the early performances of 'The Dancing Girl' to remark 'That play will never "go"' There is nothing in it. It will be withdrawn in a week, will venture on a second prediction. When people give utterance to such prophecies, do they, I wonder, ever recollect them when Time has laughed his laugh of scorn in reply, as in the case of 'The Dancing Girl'?

On Saturday afternoon an interesting expedition went forth with all the pomp and circumstance of such expeditions to view the spot to the northwest of London where the English rival to the Eiffel Tower is to be presently erected. The party consisted of the directors of the Tower Company and some learned and scientific guests. In the competition the first prize has been taken by Messrs. Stewart, McLaren, & Dunn, and the second by Messrs. Webster & Haigh, both London firms. It will now be the duty of Sir Benjamin Baker, the company's engineer, to combine the best features of the two designs sent in. Sir Benjamin is well known in connection with that triumph of engineering skill, the Forth Bridge, and as he has many advantages to start with in the erection of the new Tower, we may look for something remarkable, though the precise object of the attempt does not appear. As the new Tower starts on a level of 140 feet above the sea,—whereas the Eiffel Tower was little if anything above it, and is also to be somewhat higher in itself—an extraordinarily fine view will be obtained; but that, so far as can be made out at present, is all that the directors of the Tower Company definitely promise, besides the usual accompaniments of music and feasting.

Apropos of the Forth Bridge, what a grand sight was that which I beheld last week—namely, the Channel Fleet riding at anchor close by those tremendous arches! As we went out to sea on a visit to the Fleet, the whole twenty-two vessels were visible through the centre-span of the bridge, and that from some little distance off. The more one sees of this wonder of the world, the more does it impress the imagination and dwell upon the memory.

L. B. WALFORD.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME wrote his first book, 'On the Stage—and Off,' when he was nineteen years old. He is now, we believe about thirty—rather less than more.

Bayreuth, 1891.

GO FORTH, oh friend! go forth across the sea
To hear the music of the master hand,—
The music that shall sound in every land
The mightiest paean of the century.
And when by Wagner's grave you chance to be,
Put there for me, and for the wondering band
Of loitering pilgrims who entranced stand,
A lusty branch of some wild flowering tree.
No simple garden flower to him be brought
Who walked with Gods in wonder and in light,
And matched with majesty of human thought
A music wrought of mortal love and might,—
Who of the singing spheres an echo caught
To teach the lesson of eternal right.

A. E. P.

The Lounger

NOW THAT COUNTLESS pilgrims are gathered at Bayreuth from all corners of the western world, and countless others, having made the pilgrimage in spirit, are sharing the delight their luckier fellow-worshippers enjoy in listening at short range to the melodious thunders of which we catch only a distant echo,—at this moment it may interest some of my readers to see a letter written years ago by the Master's wife to an ardent Wagnerian in this city, who had contributed to a leading magazine an article on 'Wagner at Bayreuth.' The original 'document,' framed beside the photograph to which it refers, hangs to-day upon my bedroom door, and is one of my cherished literary treasures.

DEAR MADAME:—As my husband does not understand English, he relies on me for thanking you for your kind letter, and sending back with his signature the photograph he pitied being so bad-looking. He is very thoughtful to his American friends for the interest they take in his works, and as you are kindly inquiring for the way in which you can do something for his cause, he begs of you to enquire after his enterprise of Bayreuth, the one which affords the devotion of all his faculties. To the thanks of my husband, I join the expression of my best regards.

C. WAGNER.

To-day the enterprise at Bayreuth 'affords the devotion' of all the widow's 'faculties,' and is 'enquired after' by thousands and tens of thousands, where hundreds were making enquiry seventeen years ago. Yet the young New York journalist to whom Liszt's daughter sent this gracious message does not pretend that she was appreciably instrumental in bringing about 'Wagner's vogue in America, though she does feel that the note itself and the circumstances that called it forth, sufficiently prove what has sometimes been questioned—her appreciation of the 'music' that is no longer 'of the future' only, but of the present too.

DID GOETHE do nothing but write letters? There seems never to be a pause in the German publishing business that cannot be filled up with a new volume of Goethe's correspondence. Now some 1743 of his letters to Frau von Stein are about to be sold. In these days of telegrams and 'dictated' letters, these figures seem incredible. Frau von Stein's grandson, who owns the letters, asks about \$37,500 for them. Considering that most of them have already been published, though not in their entirety, this is a large sum, and I fancy there will not be many individuals or societies clamoring for the 'lot' at such a price. Speaking of Goethe, a once well-known hotel-keeper of this city said to a literary man who was his guest:—'Dr. X, I wish you would tell me how to pronounce the name of that famous German poet. I call him Goethe, but my son, who has a college education, calls him Guttie.'

A REGULAR READER of *The Critic*, who takes a great interest in nautical matters, sends me, under the heading 'Anglomania and Patriophobia,' the following comment on a recent magazine article:—'Nautical methods have always been, to the average lay mind, past finding out. In former days, it is said, when Congress failed to grant money to build a new man-of-war, it was no uncommon occurrence to put a new bow and a new stern on an old hull, apply a coat of fresh paint, and send her out as a brand-new ship. This practice seems to have been in the mind of the Honorable Assistant Secretary of the Navy when he gave to the world, in the pages of *The North American Review* of this month, his views on "The Value of Naval Maneuvres." The main body of that article is a *réchauffé* of old reports on the manoeuvres of the English Navy. With a view, no doubt, to symmetry, there has been placed at one end, by way of introduction, some views, not strikingly original, on naval matters generally; and, at the other end, a page or two of reflections. Of the 6000 words, or thereabouts, of which the

article is composed, there is not one given to the naval manoeuvres of the United States Navy. It does not require a naval expert to point out that the English Navy and English naval manoeuvres are not suited to this country, or agreeable to the temper of the people. If Mr. Soley is ambitious to instruct the public, he should adjust the focus of his marine glasses to American optics.'

CHICAGO, IT IS SAID, is about to take a plunge into the sea of literature that has never been taken successfully by any American city except New York. It is proposed to establish an illustrated magazine that shall hold its own against *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and *The Cosmopolitan*. Leading publishers at the West, it is rumored, have put their heads and their purses together, and the result will be officially announced before another moon has waxed and waned. No one would doubt for a moment Chicago's ability to make such a magazine if money and editorial zeal were the only requisites. But are they? Are not facilities equally important? And is not the stamp of the metropolis of a great nation essential to success? Manuscripts can be sent as readily to Chicago as to New York, but the reading-matter is not the only thing in an illustrated magazine. The engravings are almost as important a feature; and where could engravers such as Cole, Closson, Johnson, Kruell—to name but these—be found but in or near New York? To be sure, there is a great deal of reproductive work that can be done by photo-engraving; but not if one intends to compete with *Harper's*, *Scribner's* or *The Century*.

THERE SEEMS to be some fatality about high-class illustrated magazines published outside of New York. What could have started out more auspiciously than *Our Continent*? Philadelphia threw money, pride and business ability into the establishment of this periodical, and secured Judge Albion W. Tourgee, then at the height of his popularity, as its editor; but it was of no use. After a dreary struggle and the sinking of a fortune in authors, artists, advertising, etc., *Our Continent* died, and its grave is strewn with broken hearts and squandered dollars. Chicago may be far enough away from New York not to be harmfully affected by its influence as Philadelphia and Boston are. If it is going to establish a magazine of its own, I wish it every success; but let its projectors take the advice of one who knows something on the subject, and make their magazine cosmopolitan and not sectional. Let it be as interesting to the New England as to the Western reader. And let it keep out of politics.

CHICAGO has another scheme on foot for the cultivation of a love of literature 'in the midst of her'; for I read in a letter from that city published in a new journal stupidly called *Brains*, that there is about to be erected within her borders 'a Shakespeare Hall, including a theatre, library and museum.'

MR. SMALLEY has this to say of a popular American novelist, in a recent *Tribune*:-

Mr. Marion Crawford, says an important critic in the daily press, belongs to all countries but his own. 'We know him,' adds this writer, 'as English, Italian, German and Russian,' and now in 'Khaled' it has pleased him to be an Eastern story-teller. Well, it may please Mr. Marion Crawford some day to go home and study America a little; just enough to write a story of American life. It does not seem to matter what his subject or his country is; he has a public which will read anything he writes, just as Mr. Rider Haggard has a public which will read anything he writes. Probably his readers would read something about America, and Mr. Marion Crawford might thus acknowledge the debt which every man owes to the soil which gave him birth.

In what land does 'G. W. S.' suppose the scene of Mr. Crawford's novel, 'An American Politician,' is laid? And why does he say that he is now pleased to be 'an Eastern story-teller'? Does he forget that, with 'Mr. Isaacs,' he began his literary career as 'an Eastern story-teller,' and that between that most popular of all his books and the present novel of 'Khaled' he has interposed 'Zoroaster'?

THE MOST INTERESTING article in the August *Arena* is Dr. Amelia B. Edwards's 'My Home Life.' It has the charm which a popular novelist could hardly fail to impart to her work, in treating frankly of so absorbing a theme as one's own self. Of her house and her grounds, her books and her bric-à-brac, Miss Edwards chats freely and fully enough. How she works—or overworks—she tells us, too. Before only one subject does she drop the curtain, and that is her personal appearance. 'Some hundreds of newspapers,' however, have shown less delicacy in handling this theme, and from some of these she quotes:-

By one, for instance, I am said to have 'coal-black hair and flashing black eyes'; by another, that same hair is said to be 'snow-white';

while a third describes it as 'iron-gray, and rolled back in a large wave.' On one occasion, as I am informed, I had 'a commanding and Cassandra-like presence'; elsewhere, I was 'tall, slender, and engaging'; and occasionally I am merely of 'middle height' and, alas! somewhat inclined to embonpoint.' As it is obviously so easy to realize what I am like from the foregoing data, I need say no more on the subject.

THE EGYPTOLOGIST appears in her collection of rings, necklaces, scarabs and rolls of mummy-cloth from many-centuries old tombs, and 'fragments of spiced and bitumenized humanity to be shown to visitors who are not nervous.'

There is a baby's foot (some mother cried over it once) in the Japanese cabinet in the ante-room. There are three mummied hands behind 'Allibone's Dictionary of English Authors' in the library. There are two arms with hands complete—the one almost black, the other singularly fair,—in a drawer in my dressing-room; and grimmest of all, I have the heads of two ancient Egyptians in a wardrobe in my bedroom, who, perhaps, talk to each other in the watches of the night, when I am sound asleep.

Death of Mr. Lowell

AS THIS ISSUE of *The Critic* is preparing for the press, intelligence comes of the death of James Russell Lowell, the foremost of living American authors, at Elmwood, his old home and birthplace at Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Lowell had been seriously ill for several weeks—so seriously that the end did not come as a surprise. His ailment was sciatica, which affected the whole system and caused the invalid intense pain. In the early days of this month there was an acute inflammation of the left side which caused serious anxiety to his family; but this passed away, and as there was no sign of apoplexy, paralysis, or heart-failure, hopes were entertained of his recovery. These, however, were dispelled last Monday, and for twenty-four hours his death, which occurred at ten minutes after two o'clock on Wednesday morning, had been a certainty. His only child, the wife of ex-Congressman Burnett of Deerfoot Farm, Southboro, Mass., has been living with him, and everything has been made as comfortable for him as the nature of his illness permitted. We shall have much to say of Mr. Lowell next week: for the present we reprint from *Good Words* a portion of a biographical sketch, contributed by Mr. Francis H. Underwood to that magazine in 1887, when Mr. Lowell had been succeeded by Mr. Phelps at the American Legation in London:—

'His father was an eminent clergyman in Boston, learned, saintly, and discreet, who at the time of the general Unitarian movement, refused to take either side of the controversy, and called himself simply a Congregationalist. He lived at Cambridge, nearly four miles from his church, in a large and plain wooden house, built before the revolution. "Elmwood," as it was called by Dr. Lowell, is surrounded by noble elm, ash, and pine trees, mostly of his planting, and appears dignified and grave to-day, as becomes a house which knew the "good old colony times." It was there that our poet, the clergyman's youngest son, was born, February 22, 1819—Washington's birthday,—and there he lived almost without interruption until he was appointed United States Minister to Spain.

'His mother, Harriet Trail Spence, descended from an Orkney family, was a woman of superior mind, somewhat eccentric, fond of reading and of Scotch ballads; and her children were nurtured as much with poetry as with religion and maternal love. The ballad of Sir Patrick Spens (who might have been an ancestor) was a favorite with the family.

'Elmwood had a large and rich collection of books, and the poet was apparently turned loose to *browse* in it, according to Dr. Johnson's phrase. Hakluyt, Purchas, Marco Polo, "Don Quixote," "Pilgrim's Progress," romances of Arthur and Charlemagne, Shakespeare and the long line of poets and dramatists, were read with eager delight. Nothing came amiss to his all-devouring mind except mathematics, logic, philosophy, and the other studies prescribed by college regulations. But thanks to his evident natural abilities, and perhaps to the regard felt for his father, he passed the examinations and received his degree.

'The Cambridge of that day was rustic and provincial. In the college faculty and in the town there were marked characters whose whimsical traits are sketched in "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago." This article appeared in *Putnam's Monthly*, 1853, and was afterwards included in "Fireside Travels," the most charming of Lowell's volumes of prose. The ancient speech which bears the name of "Yankee," was then in common use among the uneducated—"uneddicated," they would have said—and traces of its slipshod forms and nasal accents could sometimes be detected even in the sedate utterances of the learned. But the thought of employing the dialect in satire or in bucolics did not occur to Lowell till later.

'He was an active pedestrian, and explored the region about Cambridge like a naturalist, which he was not. His haunts were under the willows on the river bank, about the picturesque, wood-fringed lake called Fresh Pond, the heights of Belmont, the Waverley Oaks—huge trees of unknown age, standing as if grouped for a painter,—Bever Brook, whose pretty cascade and mill are in the heart of one of his most perfect poems, and Sweet Auburn, a group of wooded knolls near Elmwood, now the site of the well-known cemetery. Many of his reminiscences of Cambridge scenes and people are in his "Indian Summer Reverie." Evidently his love of nature was an absorbing passion, and it led him to make distant excursions in later years, as to Moosehead Lake in Maine, and to the Adirondacks in north-eastern New York (in company with Emerson, Agassiz, Wyman, and Stillman), where he met lumberers, trappers, and deer-hunters, and came to know—

The shy, wood-wandering brood of Character.

'He studied law, but made no serious attempt to practise it; he was predestined to a literary career, and had no settled employment except in aiding the anti-slavery cause, until, in 1857 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard College.

'He was early married to Miss Maria White, a lady of delicate beauty, and of natural gifts and graces. She wrote several beautiful poems, which were privately printed in a memorial volume after her decease. Of the children of that marriage only one, a married daughter, survives. The death of the mother (1853) was the subject of one of Longfellow's most exquisite poems, "The Two Angels."

'Lowell's Rembrandtish portrait by Page, painted about the time of his marriage, shows a thoughtful face; luxuriant auburn hair, parted evenly upon a fair brow and hanging in long wavy locks; a full, ruddy beard spread over a broad falling linen collar, and a rather spare figure, with good square shoulders, clad in a loose coat of coarse, brown cloth. Poet, enthusiast, dreamer! would be your first thought in looking at the far-away expression of the eyes; but the courage and composure shown in the mouth would make you suspend judgment, and you would conclude that imagination and commonsense were fairly balanced. The face, costume, and manner of that portrait, so severely simple, offer a remarkable contrast to the picture of the foreign minister in London at the height of his fame.

'His study at Elmwood was a large front room on the upper floor, with a view of the river winding through the marshes, and of the distant city, on one side, and of the beautiful cemetery grounds on the other. There were shelves of books, engravings and casts, a table with papers, loose volumes and pipes in pathetic disorder, and a few comfortable chairs. There he received his friends, some of whom had the habit of coming on Sunday afternoons, and between the slow whiffs of smoke ideas were pleasantly exchanged without phrase. In his "Winter Evening Hymn to his Fire" is a picture of a smoker's elysium. It was not all tobacco.

Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
Gifted upon her natal morn
By him with fire, by her with dreams,
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grape's bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee;
And, as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest reverie,
So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk.
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth, dark pools of deeper thought.

He naturally took the lead in conversation, or rather, I should say, his friends were better pleased to listen to him than to talk; but no one was more courteous or hospitable to the opinions of others. In his youth it may have been true of him, as Hosea Biglow's ghostly "gran'ther" says—

When I wuz younger 'n wut you see me now,—
Nothin' from Adam's fall to Huldy's bonnet,
Thet I warn't full-cocked with my jedgment on it.

'At the time I recall (1853-1859), although his spirits were sometimes exuberant, his habitual manner had a mellow, Indian-summer glow. His conversation was suggestive and inspiring, and a sense of exaltation followed, as from seeing a play of Shakespeare or hearing a symphony of Beethoven. But at times, when in his comic vein, his audacious invention, his deft touches in ordinary or rustic legend, his assumption of Yankee shrewdness or clownishness, his exquisite mimicry of antique pedants and other droll

people, made him the most marvellous of story-tellers. In the course of an evening he often made jokes enough to set up half the professional humorists of America.

'His early verse was in the orthodox manner, without a hint of comedy; it was sweet and tender, sometimes strong, but often plaintive, reminding one by its spirit rather than by form or phrase of Keats and Tennyson. His individuality was not then so marked as it afterwards became, and there was at times a vagueness of impression. Still, many of those early poems have an unfailing charm for sympathetic readers. I may mention "Ambrose," "To a Pine-Tree," "The Forlorn," "To the Dandelion," "She Came and Went," and especially that grand vision, "Sir Launfal." The sense of beauty is no more marked than the primitive Christian character; the poems are fervent with apostolic zeal. As time went on his touch became firmer, and the sounds from his lyre had more definite rhythm and more character in melody. This clear sonority was heard in "The Present Crisis," just before the Mexican war, when it seemed that the domination of the slave power was to be perpetual. The measure is that of "Locksley Hall"; but the thought is not Tennyson's; it is an original and impassioned outburst. Passages were often heard in anti-slavery meetings, where they sounded like the burden of a prophet. One would not need to quote them in the United States, where thousands of my age know them by heart.'

Notes

LORD TENNYSON is eighty-two, Aug. 6, 1891, having been his birthday. On Thursday of last week many friends visited him at his summer home, Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, and many letters were received bearing messages of affection and respect. The Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, and Dr. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, old friends of the poet, spent the greater part of the day with him. A concert was given at the Freshwater Assembly Rooms in honor of the anniversary. The Laureate's songs, set to music by Lady Tennyson, were the principal attraction. The accompaniments were played by Mlle. Janotta, who arranged the musical production of Tennyson's "Cycle of Songs," which was sung at St. James's Hall in March. There was a large audience present. As Mrs. Walford writes to us this week, he is in excellent health. He lives in the strictest retirement, but may almost daily be seen rambling in the vicinity of his home, either in company with his son Hallam, or with his physician, Dr. Whiting. Sometimes he visits Prof. Tyndall, whose residence, Hindhead, is near by. The route to Hindhead passes the cottage where George Eliot wrote "Middlemarch." Lord Tennyson rarely puts his hand to pen or paper nowadays, his son conducting his correspondence for him, but there is reason to believe that further poems by him will appear. He has just addressed to the London *Daily Telegraph* a short and stirring appeal to the British public for 40,000/- for the Gordon Home for Boys.

—The main article in the next *Review of Reviews* will be devoted to the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, and the politics, diplomacy and social life of her kingdom, which is rapidly growing in strategic importance.

—In 1838 the London publisher, Bentley, issued a book called "Damascus and Palmyra: A Journey to the East," by Charles G. Addison of the Inner Temple. The work was in two volumes, and a document has just come to light that proves its illustrations to have been made by no less famous a hand than Thackeray's. Mr. Frank T. Sabin, writing to *The Athenaeum*, wonders what the reviewers thought of these anonymous pictures.

Did they discern gleams of humor in the 'Dancing Dervish' or the 'Sherbet,' and the 'Bon-bon Sellers'? Did they note the Titmarshian gaiety of treatment in the 'Dancer at the Cafés,' or did they fancy they heard the 'Muezzin calling to Prayers'? Did they turn again to look at the 'Damascene Lady,' or vow to distrust the wily 'Syrian Merchant'? Most important of all, did they recognize the portrait of Titmarsh himself in the frontispiece to Vol. II., where he is seated in the bazaar placidly smoking and thinking, perchance, of the wonderful successes of Bentley's other man, 'Box'?

Curiously enough, as Mr. Sabin observes, the work of lithographing these drawings was done (by Madely) 'on the very same premises where the copy of the book containing the proof of Thackeray's share in it was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge for 27/- 10s.; the price realized exceeding by exactly 7/- 10s. the amount received by Thackeray on December 22, 1837, for drawing the eighteen or (if the design on the cover be counted) nineteen illustrations for it.' The 'proof' in question was Thackeray's receipt for 20/- for his share in the work.

—Mr. E. W. Howe, author of 'The Story of a Country Town,' and himself the editor of a provincial paper, has written for the September *Century* an article on 'Country Newspapers.' Millet's

brother Pierre, now living in America, has written for *The Century* his reminiscences of Jean François. It was in this magazine that Sensier's Life of Millet was given to the world, before its appearance even in France.

—The Hon. John Bigelow, one of the three Trustees of the estate of the late Gov. Tilden, writes thus to the *Tribune*:

The rumor of a settlement of the litigation over the Tilden will, quoted in the *Tribune* of the 3d inst., is utterly without foundation. In whatever quarter it originated, the unauthorized circulation of such a report could have no other purpose than to exert an illegitimate influence upon the tribunal which has the case under consideration.

—Miss Jessie Fothergill, author of that very popular tale, 'The First Violin,' died at Berne, Switzerland, on July 28. She had been before the public as a novelist for a number of years, and was especially liked in the north of England. 'Healey,' published in 1875, was followed at the beginning of 1877 by 'Aldyth.' Her next novel, 'The First Violin,' published without the author's name in 1878, rapidly achieved popularity. Among her subsequent novels were 'Probation' (1879), 'The Wellfields' (1880), 'Made or Marred' (1881), 'Kith and Kin' (1881), 'Peril' (1884), 'Borderland,' and others. Miss Fothergill left a novel entitled 'O'Reil's Daughter,' which she had completed only a few days before her death. It will be published during the autumn or winter.

—Mr. William T. Croasdale, who was for several years associated with Mr. Henry George in the editorship of *The Standard*, died last Sunday at the age of forty-six. He was a native of Delaware and the founder of the Wilmington *Every Evening*. Originally a Republican, he afterwards became a Democrat and an ardent adherent of Senator Bayard. Last November he ran for Congress in this city, but was defeated. His writings have been mostly on economic subjects.

—Mr. Charles T. Dillingham of 718 Broadway, who has just made an assignment to Mr. John H. Kitchen, was probably the best-known book-jobber in the country. Sixteen years ago he succeeded the firm of Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, when the Boston house of Lee & Shepard became involved; and in making an assignment he has given preferences to the National Park Bank and the American Exchange National Bank for \$26,136 as holders of notes of Lee & Shepard endorsed by himself. The assets consist chiefly of books, which will probably be sold at auction. Among the creditors are such houses as Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and Roberts Bros. of Boston, Chas. Scribner's Sons and Harper & Bros. of this city, and J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia. The customers consisted chiefly of out-of-town dealers, and collections have been slow in coming in. It is said, however, that Mr. Dillingham's embarrassments resulted in part from the misfortunes of the New York League (baseball) Club, of which he was a stockholder.

—Mr. Swinburne and his mother are taking their summer vacation at Brockhampton Park near Cheltenham, a place built for Sir Walter Raleigh while he was engaged in his experiments with tobacco cultivation.

—'Starland: Talks with Young People about the Wonders of the Heavens,' by Sir Robert S. Ball, F. R. S., Royal Astronomer of Ireland, will be published this summer by Ginn & Co.

—Mr. Eugene Field's book of Horace translations, now passing through the press, is to be a sumptuous volume with wide margins and many vignettes. Mr. Francis Wilson, the actor, is getting out the book for private distribution. Mr. Field's new volume of verse will be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons next fall. The royalty on his two books published last year by that firm was not \$2000 for the first six months, as reported by *America*, but \$1999.86. 'Mr. Field, who is nothing if not methodical and exact, demands the correction,' says that journal. 'On last Monday he received from the publishers of his first copyrighted volume—a volume now in the scar and yellow leaf—the amount of his royalty on the sales during the past six months. It was \$2.10. That day the check presented to him by the waiter at the close of a lunch for himself and two friends bore on it the figures \$2.10. This coincidence has rendered Mr. Field superstitious.'

—The French correspondent of *The Athenaeum* reports an observant bookseller as declaring that the historians are gaining on the novelists in popular appreciation; and confirmation of the statement, so far at least as declining sales of novels are concerned, is given in *The Publishers' Circular*.

—Hector Malot's 'Romain Kalbris: The Adventures of a Runaway by Land and Sea,' translated by Mary J. Serrano, has been added to the Franklin Square Library.

—Mr. Dana Gibson, the well-known cartoonist of *Life*, upset himself and Mr. Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York *Evening*

Sun, into Buzzard's Bay last week, and the young men clung to their canoe for two hours before a fisherman rescued them. On the following day Mr. Brisbane was thrown out of an upper berth of the Chicago limited, which ran off the track and caught fire.

—Mr. Hopkinson Smith's 'Col. Carter of Cartersville' has gone to its third edition; so has Miss Fanny Murfree's 'Felicia.' A chapter from Mr. John Fiske's 'Discovery and Spanish Conquest of America' will be published in the September *Atlantic*: the book itself will appear this fall.

—Announcement is made by Macmillan & Co. of 'Saints and Sinners,' the first of four dramas by Henry Arthur Jones. Mr. Jones, who is known in this country as the author of 'The Silver King,' 'Judah' and 'The Middleman,' takes advantage of the provisions of the new copyright law which make it possible for him to publish his plays in book form without loss of stage rights. He has sold the American stage rights in 'The Dancing-Girl' to Mr. Daniel Frohman for \$5000.

—Mr. John Habberton, author of 'Helen's Babies,' has arranged with John A. Taylor & Co. of New York for the publication, in their Broadway Series, of a novel of New York life, entitled 'Over at Twinnett's,' which is expected to appear early in September.

—*The Publishers' Circular*, London, hears that Mark Twain is to start a comic paper in that city; also, that a new Conservative weekly, *Big Ben*, to be started in October, will be run on much the same lines as the *American Puck*; and yet again, that *Free Russia* is hereafter to be published in New York under the editorship of Mr. George Kennan.

—The four little stanzas called 'Lilies,' by Ethel Clifford, in *The English Illustrated Magazine* for August, are by the elder daughter of the late Prof. W. K. Clifford, F.R.S. The young lady, who is only fifteen, holds the Cambridge Scholarship at Queen's College, London.

—Among Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s holiday books will be a new edition of Howells's Venetian Life, in two volumes, illustrated with 'aquarelletes' reproducing in colors the water-color sketches of F. Childe Hassam, Ross Turner, Mrs. Nicholls, F. Hopkinson Smith and other artists. Edmund H. Garrett is to illustrate the new edition of Whittier's 'Snow-Bound'; and Dr. Holmes's 'One-Hoss Shay,' with a few other poems, is to be illustrated by Howard Pyle. Of a new Emerson in twelve volumes, one will be made up of essays and poems not before included, together with an index. Dr. Holmes's complete writings also will appear in fourteen volumes, uniform with the Riverside Longfellow and Whittier. The firm's further announcements include Charles Francis Adams's 'Three Episodes of New England History,' J. Franklin Jameson's 'History of Historical Writing in America,' Carl Schurz's Abraham Lincoln in the American Statesmen Series, and a biography of the Georgia members of the Continental Congress, by Mr. Charles C. Jones of Georgia.

—It is said that Miss Mary E. Holmes of Rockford, Ill., proposes to invest from \$75,000 to \$100,000 in establishing in Mississippi a colored women's literary and industrial school, to accommodate 150 pupils, as a memorial to her mother.

—President Sessions of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society writes that we should have omitted the word 'Unitarian' in naming the denomination to which Dr. Gladden belongs: he is not a Unitarian Congregationalist, but a Congregationalist *pur et simple*.

Publications Received

RECEIPT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IS ACKNOWLEDGED IN THIS COLUMN. FURTHER NOTICE OF ANY WORK WILL DEPEND UPON ITS INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE. WHERE NO ADDRESS IS GIVEN THE PUBLICATION IS ISSUED IN NEW YORK.	
Allen, G. What's Bred in the Bone. 25c.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Enault, L. Carine. \$1.25.	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Hancock, A. U. John Auburntop, Novelist. soc.	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Hime, M. C. Introduction to Latin, 2 vols.	Edinburgh: Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
Holyoake, G. J. The Co-operative Movement To-Day.	London: Methuen & Co.
Johnson, E. The Rise of Christendom.	London: Kegan Paul & Co.
Lanin, F. B. Russian Traits and Terrors. 25c.	Boston: B. R. Tucker.
Loch, H. Complete Manual of the German Language.	Phila.: C. Sower Co.
Malot, H. Romain Kalbris. 50c.	Harper & Bros.
Martin, A. Home Life on an Ostrich Farm.	D. Appleton & Co.
Moore, A. J. That Uncomfortable Shoe. 25c.	M. T. Richardson.
Newhall, C. S. Leaf Collector's Hand-Book. \$2.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Pendleton, E. One Woman's Way. 50c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Porter, R. Saint Martin's Summer. \$1.25.	F. H. Revell Co.
Rowbotham, J. F. The Human Epic.	London: Kegan Paul & Co.
Ruskin, J. A Joy Forever. \$1.50.	Chas. E. Merrill & Co.
Ruskin, J. Munera Pulveris. \$1.50.	Chas. E. Merrill & Co.
Shaw, E. R. Physics by Experiment. \$1.	E. Maynard & Co.
Sketch in the Ideal. A. \$1.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Sprigge, S. S. Methods of Publishing.	London: H. Glaisher.
Stewart, S. T. Plane and Solid Geometry. \$1.25.	Am. Book Co.
Talleyrand, Memoirs of. Ed. by Duc de Broglie. Vol. III. \$2.50.	London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Thompson, R. E. Divine Order of Human Society. \$1.	Phila.: J. D. Wattles.
Winslow, L. O. Principles of Agriculture. 60c.	American Book Co.
Zagoskin, M. Tales of Three Centuries. \$1.	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

By mail, post-paid to any address, for \$1.25.

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Or the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in 1890. By W. T. STEAD. Formerly Editor of the "Pall Ma'l Gazette." With the text of the Play in German and a translation and description in English, in parallel columns; together with a reproduction, by special permission, of many of the original photographs. In the New Edition, the text, German and English, has been thoroughly revised, and additional illustrations are given, completing the series published this year. They make the volume a permanent and unique memorial of what seems likely to be the last performance of the Passion Play in Europe.

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